

"YOUNG WOMAN'S NUMBER"

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Letting go the unworthy things that meet us—pretense, worry, discontent and self-seeking—and taking loyal hold of time, work, present happiness, love, duty, friendship, sorrow and faith, let us so live in all truth as to be an inspiration to those whose lives are touched by ours.

—*Anna Robertson Brown.*

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The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XL.

JUNE, 1917

No. 6

My Daughter Will Weave

BY a loom in Hull House I paused, when the long day of weaving was done. The emptying shuttle flew swiftly across the yielding warp as the loose last end of the "blue rags" ruffled over the clean white threads on the loom. The clocks outside were striking the hour that closes the workman's day, while beside the door stood the master-weaver, speaking words of cheer to the outgoing, weary but faithful toilers.

The Russian mother arose from her loom and started from her bench. Homeward, of course. But, no! She stopped and, from a seeming confusion of colors and shades, she selected another filled shuttle that matched the pattern before her. A weaver's swift knot, the quick test, a single flight of the new shuttle and one strong push at the bar. Then, as if to explain her infinite care, the mother turned with a smile of joyous confidence on her tired face and said: "My daughter will weave there to-morrow."

Alone in the dusky twilight, though jostled by throngs rushing homeward, I thought of the Christian mothers who have ended their day at life's loom. I thought how His pattern that they followed so closely must be finished by other hands; how they knotted the new lines of service that no break might be found in the web, and tied them fast to the great work begun. His pattern still waits for the coming. "My daughter will weave there to-morrow."—*Leaflet. W. F. M. S. Methodist Episcopal Church.*

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

It warms the heart and gives us older workers a sense of dependable strength, to see how young women are meeting the present crisis—as a challenge and an opportunity. Our General Subscription Agent, Miss Mosher, gives a glimpse of a group of girls of many nations and creeds who, in a remarkable way, are exemplifying our ideal of universal sisterhood. A young woman, writing in *The Association Monthly*, asks of other young women, "What are you going to do with the gift of life?" and declares, "We who are young and strong today are facing such a challenge to world service and world leadership as has never before confronted any people, of any nation, in any age, since the world began." Another, writing of "The Equipment for Our Job," says, "In a work where we spell with capitals the word RELATIONSHIPS, our religion should surely be the kind that loves. We lay much stress on 'personality,' charm,' 'social grace,' 'tact.' They are only Love broken into tiny bits. They tell us that 'infinite sympathy is needed for the infinite pathos of human life.' But first of all it must be spontaneous love—not the kind that is 'tied up, ticketed and labelled,' not perfunctory or tired, nor yet redolent of New Year's resolutions." From away across the world comes this "martyr's witness" from a meeting of young women at a mission station among the Moslems: "After the girls had seen their friends and loved ones being taken, had seen the added abuse and terrible persecution to which some had been subjected by their Moslem neighbors, a great thought was emphasized by the girl who led the meeting: 'We do not know what is before us; we do not know whether we will ever see each other again; but we must remember wherever we go or are taken, whatever our circumstances may be, *we must live Christ* before those who do not know Him as we do, especially the Moslems. God give us wisdom and grace so to do.'" A young missionary, writing of a blessed work among girls, makes this appeal which we pass on to *our* young women to remember in connection with our missionaries and their dear girls in India: "'You and I and God are to do this work.' Do not fail us now, for this hour of world crises is also an hour of Kingdom crises. May we count on your prayers and your support?" Mrs. Safford, Foreign Secretary of the W. A. B. F. M. S., said, in a recent report, "We believe that the best days for woman's mission work are the days to come and we thank God for the army of young women who have

caught the vision and are joyfully enlisting in the service." Not all young women are called to be foreign missionaries or great leaders, but all are privileged to do their task with the same high spirit. How Paul's message rings through the centuries: "Let no man despise thy youth!" And, oh, how we long to impress the fact of the importance, the necessity, the influence, the *greatness of doing one's best*, whatever the environment or the task!Will members of the Prayer League pray especially, this month, for our young women in these times of stress, that they may be loyal to the great ideals and guided in their choice of a life work which shall bring them "overweights of joy?" Pray, also, that just the right one may be found speedily to take the vacant place in our mission field.....Didn't Miss Coe make "the gladdest work" very real to us, last month? Isn't it good that we can have a part in it, even if it is not a great part, like hers and Dr. Mary's?Would you like to know how to organize a World Wide Guild of Worth While Girls, and what are the duties and privileges of membership? If there is no nearby Secretary who can tell you, write a letter, enclosing stamp, to Miss Alma J. Noble (207 Anderson Place, Buffalo, N. Y.), the Young Woman's Secretary of the W. A. B. F. M. S.Miss Hartley, who tells us so delightfully of many delightful things to do, is announced as the Handwork Specialist of the School of Methods to be held at Ocean Park, August 24 to September 2. We hope that many of our missionary and Sunday School workers will be able to attend her classes.Of course you are planning to attend Annual meeting, August 2. Our younger folk are preparing an enticing program which includes among its speakers our President and Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook and Mrs. McDonald, with scenes from the foreign field, and a banquet with toasts and—but come and see!.....Mrs. Lightner writes from Storer, "We are very full of preparation for Commencement Week. Dear Mrs. Metcalf is here, Dr. and Mrs. Mosher are on the grounds, so we feel the thrill of action." President McDonald writes of "Commencement with all its hurry and happiness—and sorrows." He sends an appeal for gifts for an absolutely necessary extension of the water works, and adds, "Will not those who will be glad to help Storer doubly bless her by giving and by giving *now*?"Next month we hope to devote much space to the life and work of Miss Butts. Prof. Anthony writes, "It is a sad shock to hear of the death of Miss Butts,—a great hearted, generous, faithful woman. We seem poor, when such souls go, but we are rich in memories and influences which remain."Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, D. D., was a friend of many Free Baptists and has been a generous member of our HELPER family for years. *The Missionary Review* records his death at Shanghai, China, on February 17, where he had been stationed for fifty-seven years as a Presbyterian missionary. "He has done a monumental work for the church in China."

MANUAL METHODS OF TEACHING MISSIONS

By MISS GERTRUDE HARTLEY

Children do love to *make* things. All their instincts lie along this line. What girl doesn't love, at some stage in her career, to make doll clothes, or furniture for the doll house, or paper dolls and their wardrobes? Just the making of them has a definite charm and satisfaction, quite apart from the joy of possession. "I made it myself" is the very acme of a youngster's prideful boast. Where is the boy who is not eager to make his own kites and tops and boats, and, in these days, his own mechanical toys, electrical apparatus and wireless outfits? Turn this tendency to account and find how much real enjoyment both boys and girls will get as you unleash their creative genius in the Mission Circle.

One thing that has been done somewhat along this line is the preparation of scrap-books, to be sent to children in hospitals, at a home mission station, or off to foreign lands, where our brightly colored pictures are real assets in the missionary's hands. I have seen one such that is to become the property of "Dr. Mary," to be used by her for the amusement and entertainment of convalescent children. Some of us know what the poor, peevish darlings in our own homes demand in the way of attention as they shake off the last lingering clutches of their illness. Anyone seeing this scrap-book, made of pink cambric, and filled with just the pictures that hold a real charm for all children (those of *things*) can readily imagine the "Brown Babies" finding in it a temporary solace for their ills, and be equally as quick to fancy the splendid good time the children here had making it, their sympathies being cultivated and expanded meanwhile. Even quite little folk can do this sort of thing, for the sharp eyes of the wee ones will find the bright pictures, even the six and seven-year-olds can cut them out quite passably, and the ten and eleven-year-olds paste them neatly, with a little help and advice at the beginning.

We are all of us interested in those to whom we are in any way helpful, so the very fact that "we are making a scrap-book for the Brown Babies," will create in us a good, substantial interest in those "babies."

One day last summer I came into town sitting next a little girl who works in the telephone office. I frequently chanced to be her next neighbor on this car, and we would chat about various matters of general

WHO BIDS ?

"Who bids for India's children—
For the babies—small and brown,
For the boys and girls so many
In the streets of every town."

We are glad that someone bid for these.



GROUP OF SINCLAIR ORPHANGE GIRLS,
BALASORE, INDIA.

Back Row: Minneka, Surge, (who is taking teacher's training,) Mandera.

Middle Row: Keroda, Neroda. Front Row: Della, Jemma.

"There are millions, and they're waiting,
For a mighty Friend who cares.
Who'll bid for India's children?
Who says, "*We will!*"—who dares!"

interest. One morning, after the manner of all doting aunties, I was repeating to her one of the bright sayings of my little niece Shirley. I had scarcely finished when she inquired quickly,—

“Is Dr. Shirley Smith still a missionary in India?”

I gasped. How this girl knew aught of our “Dr. Shirley” I could not conceive, until it flashed through my mind that when she was just a child she belonged to the Mission Band in the church at Blankville. I answered her question, but you can fancy my feelings when she went on to say:

“I never hear anything about missionaries but I think of the good times we used to have at the parsonage when Mrs. Blank was here and had the Mission Band. We did the nicest things. One day we made curry and had rice and curry for refreshments, just like they have it in the schools in India; and then, *we made books!*”

Here she left me, but I made it my business to see one of these “books.” It was not extraordinary at first glance,—a common five cent note-book, unattractive enough as to exterior, but inside, just reeking with that definite information children require. First of all there was pasted in for a frontispiece, a picture map of our Bengal Field, with some notes written in about its size, population, etc. Later came a sketch, by the young compiler herself, of each of the Stations, in turn, showing the different mission buildings, and points of particular interest. Then the life stories of the missionaries were written in, each couched in the direct language of childhood, with that intangible touch of reality that leaves one with the feeling that these men and women were *real folks!* There were many pictures of the India family, too, and an outline of the activities of each, as well as of the uses of the different Mission buildings. It was a simple little affair that any Mission Band could work out beautifully, but nothing that I can say as to its value could equal the testimony of that little “Hullo Girl” who said, “Whenever I hear anything about missionaries I think of the good times we had making those Books in our Band,” and the fact that, though she has drifted away from the church and missionary interests during the years that have intervened, she still remembers and is interested in the missionaries and their work, made so real to her childish mind ten long years ago.

Last summer in the MISSIONARY HELPER appeared the popular kindergarten verses on the “Seven Little Sisters,” with a few home-made

stanzas tacked on the end to give the whole thing a real missionary flavor. This has been worked out in illustrated form, pictures representing each verse having been collected from the abundance of literature on every hand, and pasted on to sheets of heavy paper, with the verses written in,—words and pictures supplementing and complementing each other. A very attractive book was made of the whole, and the children learned a lot about these “Seven Little Sisters” as they hunted and mounted their pictures, and those of their environment.

This sort of work, and the illustration of some of the grand old missionary hymns, such as “From Greenland’s Icy Mountains,” which contain real pictures in every stanza, the older children will enjoy.

There are also some things along this line which are quite equal to the powers of more grown-up young folks, and not to be despised by even the august intellects to be found in the average Woman’s Mission Society.

Have you seen the “Mary Hill Boxes?” There is quite a history to them. They were originally made by a shut-in in Minneapolis, for the use of Presbyterian Missionary Societies, but little by little a regular business has been built up, until any denomination can obtain for a stated sum one of these splendid boxes, filled with information about its particular missionary work. It is really a box lecture, pictures, clippings, cartoons, verses, all sorts of facts and fancies having been collected, pasted on sheets of paper, and all kept in a tastefully decorated box, where they are ready, at a moment’s notice, to supply the material for countless programs, “afternoons,” papers and what-not.

The preparation of such a box as this would make interesting work for a whole winter. There might be one for Home, as well as Foreign Missions, and one for the Home Administrative Workers, National Officers, etc., as well as for the Missionaries on the field. The compiling of such a box is splendidly educative, but its value will not end there. It blesses her who gives and her who takes, and inevitably carries its message into every home to which it goes, as it makes its rounds of the Society.

I find that in ever so many Mission Bands and young people’s Societies the girls sew; many of them dress dolls for various charitable institutions. Why, since we love to dress dolls, shouldn’t we try our hand at something beside strictly American raiment? If, for instance, we are studying China and her boys and girls, couldn’t we dress some dolls as the

boys and girls of China are dressed? Don't you believe it would be effective? We might be a bit awkward about it at first but the little jackets and trousers and caps could be made just as readily as frocks and coats and bonnets.

Every denominational publishing house nowadays has paper dolls which are to be colored and cut out, and which are immensely popular with the smaller children, giving the Chink boy and girl much more reality in the childish mind than could be possible by hours of careful verbal description alone. In fact, in these days of character dolls it is the easiest thing possible to pick up a Jap dollie, or a southern Dinah, or an Indian, or Esquimo, and while the children include these little foreigners in their Doll Family, how easy it will be to work in the great lesson of similarity and difference, the whys and wherefores, cause and effect thereof!

(To be concluded.)

MISS GLADYS MAE THACKER, MISSIONARY-ELECT TO BALASORE, INDIA

By SADIE B. GOWEN

It would be a very great pleasure to introduce Miss Thacker personally to the HELPER friends, but since that cannot be, I am indeed glad to tell you about her as our missionary-elect to Balasore, Orissa. A certain single missionary in Balasore remarked to me as I was leaving India, "You will begin hearing about her as soon as you reach San Francisco and it will be a continued story as long as you stay in California," and he gave me to understand that the story would be a very pleasing one as well as interesting. I waited to see his prophecy fulfilled and decided he had not told me half he might.

I shall never forget the afternoon, three days after my arrival in San Francisco from India, when Mr. Thacker met me in Los Angeles and took me out to their home in South Pasadena, where I was greeted by the dearest little lady and made to feel so perfectly at home that I was reluctant to leave so charming an atmosphere. You can easily believe that Mr. and Mrs. Thacker were eager listeners to what I had to tell them about India in general and Balasore in particular. I really tried to tell the unvarnished truth, not omitting a careful description of our Indian kitchens, and the fact that our most cherished possessions fall prey, some-

times to white ants, sometimes to washermen, and vanish in a night. I told them, too, of our pretty bungalow homes, and of the joy of loving and being loved by our dear Indian people and the great opportunities for serving our Master. Only those fathers and mothers who have given their choicest and best can know what this means to the others.

The day came when I was to see Gladys, at the end of a seventy mile auto ride through the grandeurs of Southern California. She is a glad, happy college girl, full of life and fun, an acknowledged leader, just as



MISS THACKER

genuine as she can be, and I felt from the first moment that she was my fellow missionary.

She was born in Los Angeles, June 19, 1893. While very young she was leader of the Juniors and from childhood has been active in all forms of church work, joining the Pomona Baptist Church at a very early age. After finishing High School she entered Redlands University, but left before completing her course there to develop a special talent in the Cum-

nock School of Expression. She is well known among many of the Baptist churches of Southern California as a most charming impersonator of child dialect. Completing this course of training, she returned to Redlands University and will receive her degree from that College in June, this year.

She believes in a distinct missionary call, and while there were many inducements for her to go to India a year and a half ago, she would not because that call had not come to her. When it did come she recognized it and was ready to obey. She met the Examining Committee in March and was accepted for India.

To know her is to feel she has deep sympathies with every living thing; that she sees a clear cut line between right and wrong and knows how, not only to choose for herself, but in a most loving way help others to do so also. One mother told me that it had meant more to her daughter than she could ever tell to have Gladys for a roommate in College. She is able to get her full measure of fun out of any good time on hand; but when she undertakes any work, whether in Sunday School, or entertaining large audiences with stories, or driving an automobile through the crowded city streets, or anything else, you feel *sure* it is coming out all right. She has musical ability, and, oh, how I covet her talent as an artist for our girls' schools in Balasore!

The day before she met the Committee in the Pasadena Baptist Church I received a special delivery letter from her telling about the prospective tomorrow and saying, "Pray for me." May I pass this request on to the readers of the MISSIONARY HELPER?

I am going to tell her new friends a beautiful secret. There will be a wedding soon after she reaches Balasore, and I think she is cherishing a wish to have the whole Indian Christian community present at the wedding dinner, served Indian style. This is a most effective way of winning their affection at once, and just the thing they would all heartily enjoy and approve. Don't you wish you could be there? I do.
Detroit, Maine.

A VISIT TO A ZENANA

By DR. MARY W. BACHELER

The pastor of the Hatigarh church told me that a rich land holder, in a village about three miles away, would be pleased to have me go to his

home with my "flute harmonium," and sing and talk to his family, so the arrangement was made for a certain Wednesday afternoon. I started out in good season, in spite of the threatening rain, which on the way began to fall in torrents, and I had just time to get into a big house in a village. The women here were pleased to see me, and listen to the singing and talk. The shower, however, was a long one, and cleared up too late for me to carry out my original plan, so I went home.



ZENANA GROUP IN INNER COURT OF HOUSE OF A WEALTHY HINDU
HATIGARH, INDIA

Umase said he would be going to that man's house the next day and would tell the people I was coming, so I tried again. I found the door shut and fastened and it was some time before the people could be roused from their afternoon naps. When the "Nayib" finally did wake and come out to greet me, he was quite cordial and, inviting me into the outer court, gave me a seat, and in a few minutes quite a company collected. I sang a hymn about Jesus and his love and talked about it.

Among those listening to the discussion was a smooth-faced young man who excused himself saying, "I will go to do that for which I came."

I asked if I might go inside to see the women and girls and talk to them. Presently a message of welcome came and I went into the inner court, where I found a tangle of women and girls. On one of the

verandahs bordering this court, a young man was seated on a mat holding a baby, while in front of him squatted the smooth-faced young man, who was repeating something rapidly, and apparently making passes over the child, punctuating his recitation with loud respirations. I asked one of the women what was going on. She said the child had a bad cough, for which it had been taking English medicine, without any improvement, so they had stopped all medicine and called in this man to make Hindu religion passes, to "read mantras," as they call it.

I had some Sunday school pictures which I showed and talked about. I also played, sang and explained the hymn, and just before coming away I got a snapshot of the side of the inner court, with women and children standing on the veranda.

The Nayib married some years ago. As his wife had no children he married again. The second wife had a child but both mother and baby died. He spoke of his prosperity and wealth as no satisfaction, because there was no one of his own to inherit it after him.

Pray for the villages around Santipore. Some of them have had the Gospel, but not enough to know much of its truth, duty and satisfaction. Pray for the result of such visits, that the people's hearts may be touched and attracted.

HOW OUR GIRLS CAN HELP IN THE PRESENT CRISIS

By ALFRIEDA MARIAN MOSHER,

Director Business Agency, Boston Young Women's Christian Association.

The editor of the *HELPER* asks, "How can our girls help in the present crisis?"

Well, our Boston Y. W. C. A. girls are finding a good many ways to give aid, both in providing for the immediate needs occasioned by the war, and in laying the foundation on which may be reared in the fulness of time a structure of enduring peace.

The meeting of our English Governesses' Club last week furnished samples of several of our activities, connecting in one way or another with the conflict. This Club is composed of a couple of score of English governesses employed in our first families. All have near relatives at the front. Said one, "I am the only one of my family who is not over there fighting. That is because I am the only girl."

Another told us that one of her brothers could not meet the physical requirements of the army, so he and she came to America to earn money to help support the families of the other brothers who were accepted.

Two of our members—sisters—did not come. A friend of theirs explained that they had just received word that their only brother had fallen.

The Club was organized last winter to provide a homelike place for these girls who were away from home, and in need, as never before, in these hours of extreme heart anguish and anxiety, of the solace and comfort that one looks to the home for. We have tried to make it a place where they could go during their free hours in the same way that they would go to their homes if they could. And I believe that if anyone who reads this could have looked into our clubroom last Wednesday evening he would have agreed that our attempt was meeting with a fair measure of success.

But the Club decided some time ago that it didn't want to exist merely for its own sake. The girls wanted to be doing something for somebody else. When one suggested that we knit for the American soldiers, all agreed that would be just the thing. So, while we visited and listened to the victrola, we knitted, and every scarf, wristers, helmet, sweater in process was destined for a boy in the American Marine. After an informal social hour one of our number who had studied nursing gave us a demonstration in First Aid. "We hope we shall not be called on to put this knowledge to practical use," she said, as she told us about different kinds of bandages and showed us how to apply them, "but we all want to be prepared if need comes, and then," she added, "nothing seems to bring the reality of it all home like a demonstration in First Aid."

When she was done, another of our members recited impressively Kingsley's "Three Fishers" and asked us to think of the many wives who in these days watch their husbands go out to the deep never to return till the "sea gives up its dead."

While we drank our tea we talked about "Caliban," Percy MacKaye's Community Masque, soon to be presented in Boston. Five to seven thousand people will take part in this spectacle, portraying through the spoken word, song, symbolic dance and pantomime, the development of man from "his aboriginal origin toward the serene plane of pity, love, reason and disciplined will," and teaching through the presentation that

this development is accomplished as Caliban, who represents all of us human beings, brings the carnal and the material under the ascendancy and control of the spiritual. We spoke of the wonderful lesson of the value of spiritual endeavor as compared with material endeavor which the masque could not help but give, and of how bringing so many together in one interest and one purpose would make for the brotherhood of man which must be the cornerstone for the structure of peace.

Next Thursday will occur our eighteenth Y. W. C. A. Foreign Party, when we shall demonstrate for the eighteenth time since man lifted his hand against his brother man in Europe, that however deep divisive national barriers may extend, there are common human interests that lie still deeper, and however high they may reach there are unifying spiritual aspirations that reach still higher.

We began these parties the October after hostilities were declared. Once a month since—barring the summer months when the people are away—young women, from every side of the European fighting line and looking at it from every angle, but with a common sorrow over a common misfortune, and with a common longing for the day of release, have gathered to spend an afternoon in social intercourse and recreation.

From the beginning, music was our chief pleasure at these parties, and among our guests were invariably musicians of marked ability. A Hungarian music teacher, an old pupil of Liszt, driven from Paris by the vicissitudes of war, played masterfully to us whenever she came. A frail little Dutch woman, trained under the best masters of three countries, sang us, "Oh, Perfect Day," the first time she was with us, and we have never let her go away from a party since without repeating the song.

We ask our German friend to repeat Mendelssohn's "How beautiful upon the Mountains," just the same way. One day a girl asked if we couldn't all sing something together. I said I didn't see how we could because there was no language all of us spoke. "But," she insisted, "tunes are the same, and there ought to be a tune we all know even if we have to sing different words." A German woman suggested "Holy Night." She sat down at the piano and began to play the song. An American concert singer who had come in to visit us stood by the piano and led. One after another the others joined in till French, Swiss, German, Austrian, Belgian, Pole, Russian, and Italian were all singing together the same message to the same music—each in her own tongue. It was the forecast of

what shall be when men—each in his own way, and at his own task—shall work together for the same end, the common good of all mankind.

While I have been writing, outside my office window on the street, the High School Cadets have been forming for the parade in honor of "Papa" Joffre, as my French friends affectionately call him. Now they are marching away to the strains of the Marseillaise and the girls on the streets and in the windows are cheering and waving the stars and stripes and the tri-color. They are a fine lot of young men, and they are showing wonderful seriousness of purpose. But I am wondering if they would—if they could—march forth erect and fearless as they are doing if the girls were not approving so enthusiastically.

The thousand words the editor allotted me are more than used, I know, but I must say, while the band is playing and the boys are marching away and the girls are cheering, that to a large extent the conduct of our boys in the present crisis—and I include in this word "conduct" all that makes for or against high Christian manhood—hangs on the attitude of our girls. Herein every girl may read her fundamental and her ultimate responsibility.

Boston, Mass., May 12, 1917.

QUIZ

What is the oldest university?

Wherever the little blue boxes are emptied what happens?

Two joyous lives of sacrifice—What did they make possible?

Of what does little Sao Teh remind us?

Who sends cordial greeting?

Of what have two societies cause to be proud?

Something more interesting than orange blossoms—who will tell the story?

What does "making a *manusya*" mean?

What is the most engrossing work in the world?

Shareholders in babies—how?

Who is Buddhene?

What changes have come to many little girls?

Where is a training school to fit the boys and girls for tomorrow?

What is the marvelous privilege of women and girls?

How are some bright Advanced Light Bearers busy?

Who walked straight into the heart of their new mother? How?

- What was a unique occasion?
 What did a white mother do in a black land?
 Who was not surpassed for self denying devotion? What were some of
 her deeds? How many years did she serve in India?
 What Country is to be studied by our auxiliaries in the coming year?
 Who was a "prize naughty child," and how was she "lost?"
 What is Dr. Mary's plan?
 Who is busy and happy?
 How many people in the Christian village at Jellasure? Bible women?
 Zenana teachers?
 What do they do?
 What amusing remark was made about the white face of our Children's
 Missionary?
 What is a splendid list of "gratitudes?"
 When and where is Annual Meeting?
 Where was the largest contribution made in March?
 Efforts to secure world peace will naturally issue in what?
 (Answers may be found in the May HELPER.)

IN MEMORIAM

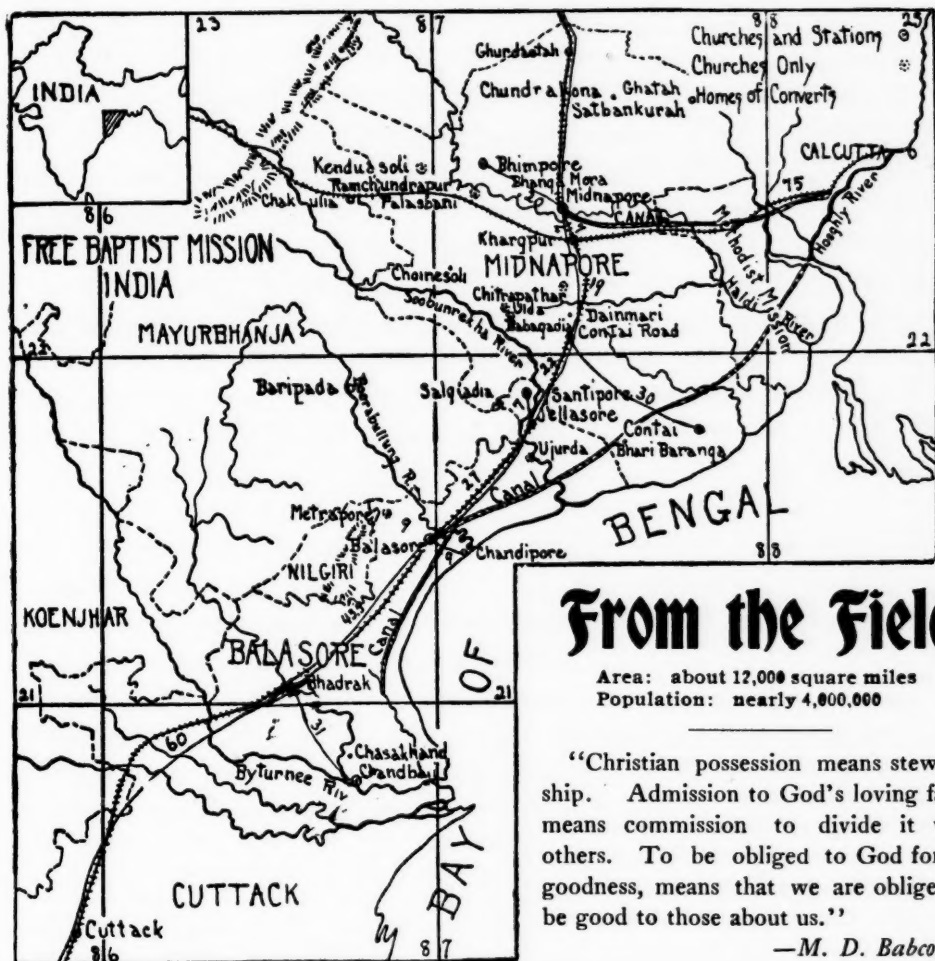
"Of such as she was there are few on earth;
 Of such as she is there are many in Heaven;
 And life is all the sweeter that she lived,
 And all she loved more sacred for her sake;
 And death is all the brighter that she died,
 And Heaven is all the happier that she's there."

Miss Ella M. Butts, Santipore, India, March 1, 1917.

Mrs. Charlotte Hill, Kingston, Michigan, March 11, 1917.

"Keep within you a singing heart even though you may not be able
 to run the octaves or bring forth the melody you would."

"The great outlook for the future of missions is the outlook of opportunity. There are no doors closed now, except by our own wilful hands; no limiting horizons of vision, except to eyes that are shut or short sighted. But if God writes 'opportunity' on one side of these doors, He writes 'responsibility' on the other side."



From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles
Population: nearly 4,000,000

"Christian possession means stewardship. Admission to God's loving favor means commission to divide it with others. To be obliged to God for his goodness, means that we are obliged to be good to those about us."

—M. D. Babcock

TOURING IN TEXAS

(Concluded)

The State Association, with Unity church twenty miles from Ft. Worth, was in the throes of perfecting organization. But they now have a very efficiently organized Association, which we believe will mean much to the State and the Kingdom. Plans were laid for effective Evangelistic efforts, as well as along many forward lines. Here we met Rev. and Mrs. Dally, former co-laborers in Minnesota, and who were appointed State S. S. Missionaries by the Texas State Association. The W. M. S. work was given all consideration and a splendid State Auxiliary was

formed, officered as follows: President, Miss Minnie Jimmerson, Henderson; Secretary, Miss Jetty Duke, Carthage; Treasurer, Mrs. Mattie Holmes, Bryan; HELPER Agent, Mrs. Z. B. Dally, Wetherford.

It seemed a bit out of keeping with the "land of sunshine and roses" talk, that after nearly thirty years amid the snows of Minnesota, one must go to Texas to be really snowbound, and that with only seven inches of snow. However, *Texas* was surprised! The storm changed our plans somewhat and we were not permitted to visit the churches in that Association that had invited the worker. The pastor of Unity Church is enthusiastic and ambitious and will prove a great help to the new Auxiliary there. And we believe that the interest of Rev. and Mrs. Miller and Deacon Speres and wife will aid much in putting Auxiliaries into their churches in that Association. We went next to Woodlawn Association and found in good Bro. Hodges and wife such kindly friends that we were at once at home. A Sunday at Comanche with Pastor Ranney and people at Easley Chapel, where they have a large and working Auxiliary. Then around to Maple Church with Rev. Disrenes. Weather conditions made the attendance of women small, and somehow one can't organize a W. M. S. with fourteen men and two women. On the next morning over the mountains to Elijah, and a pleasant meeting with Rev. Johnny Graham and family. Then delightful meetings with Long Branch, Woodlawn and North Prairie. Here we bade Bro. and Sister Hodges good-bye, and on into the Brazos Valley Association. First, on the field of Rev. C. C. Wheeler. At North Zulch a new Auxiliary. At Keith we found a flourishing Ladies Aid, and a promise to consider the matter of definite W. M. S. work. At Cross kindly people, no Auxiliary. A real Texas Norther prevented the meeting at Blue Lake. The work in Rev. J. L. Payne's field followed, at Sweetholm, Hopewell and Edge. Hopewell made an effort at organization, three young women taking up the work with enthusiasm. At Plainview, with Rev. Hargross as pastor, we had an enjoyable meeting. Then on across the Brazos into the field of Rev. T. H. Newsom. Rain prevented us going to Independence and handicapped the meetings at Welbourn and Britelite. Britelite organized with a good set of officers. Willowhole organized and we feel they will do good work. A good meeting at Kurten which enjoyed the distinction of being the banner new Auxiliary with twelve members, till Bryan came with more members. But Kurten is a country church while Bryan is in the city class. With Rev. Fred B. Comber Union Hill was visited and a most enthusiastic Auxiliary was started.

Feb. 17-18 the Brazos County Q. M. convened with Bryan Church, when a well planned program was carried out. A new Auxiliary was organized with eighteen members. Bryan is building a new church and is prospering under the efficient care of Rev. Comber. What a pleasure it was to be in the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Tatum, with their splendid family. If space would permit to tell of all the delightful people, all the interest manifested, all the loyalty, all the desire for advance, it would be done; even as we would tell of the generous hospitality and kindness of each and every one. Just a word for the loyal sacrificing of the pastors. Where churches are from five to a hundred miles apart (and salaries in inverse ratio, mostly inverse), yet are they lovingly, loyally cared for as best they can be by these followers of Christ. Texas F. B.'s need more pastors to help carry the burden. Bro. Tatum, the efficient field agent, is much loved by churches and pastors alike, and was very helpful in the work, planning the whole itinerary of the worker.

Just a bit of the statistical report to the Executive Board may be of interest here: Churches visited, 30; meetings held, 41; sermons, 7; conferences with women, 26; new Auxiliaries, 20; missions and W. M. S. work presented to about two thousand persons. Traveled 4093 miles.

Even as the Texas F. B. women have enlisted to study, pray and give for missions, let us of the older societies pray much that strength may be given these new Auxiliaries to press on, and that others may be enrolled. The work is but begun. The seed scattered by Mrs. Griffin and Miss Moody has taken root. This last bit of work by your Secretary has been but a cultivating, a watering. May God give the increase with His blessing.

INAH GATES STOUT.

Champlin, Minn.

TREASURER'S NOTES

"I am thankful for the tender memories of past associations, and for ties that are yet unbroken, also for the larger outlook and the promise of greater victories through closer union of God's people," writes a friend in forwarding Thank Offering gifts, and as various questions are being asked with reference to our manner of entering into union as well as the new-to-us methods of working, shall we not give place here to what has been already stated, upon authority, to individuals.

The Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society has "a separate budget from that of the General Board." It makes its "own schedule which is acted upon by its Board of Managers and then presented to the General Foreign Mission Society." "Bengal-Orissa gifts for the portion of the work for which the women are responsible will apply, and receive credit on the Budget of W. A. B. F. M. Society."

Moneys are to be sent to the District Treasurers. (For names see third page of HELPER cover.) New England District comprises the New England States; New York District, New York State; Atlantic District, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware; East Central District, West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana; Central District, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri; West Central District, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska; Northwestern District, Wisconsin, Minnesota and North and South Dakota; Rocky Mountain District, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah; Columbia River District, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington; and South Pacific District, Nevada, California and Arizona.

A reminder came to us recently from one of our State Treasurers, which we were minded to pass on in last month's "Notes," and because of unintentional omission we will do so now and in form of a question to each treasurer of individual auxiliary or organization which has assumed responsibility for definite W. M. S. work. Have you unforwarded funds in your treasury? Do we hear you say, "Only a small amount"? Even so, if this small amount is many times multiplied, and *sent*, what then is the result? Again, may we ask what is your plan with reference to raising money and forwarding it? Do you plan for at least quarterly payments to the national treasury? If so, it is well, for systematic and prompt sending means the elimination of much perplexity and planning, as well as anxiety, as the year is nearing its close.

With these queries must be given the word of appreciation for regularity, definiteness and promptness in forwarding gifts, and readiness of response to appeals, which have so largely characterized your efforts, that service with you is, and always has been, a satisfaction and joy.

By the way, the orders for Thank Offering supplies are coming in surprisingly well and Mrs. Chapman or this office will gladly fill *your* order. It will be a little late, to be sure, but better late than not at all.

We rejoice in Mrs. Brackett's returning health, and are reminded of the generous share which has been hers in Storer's splendid work.

An article by Mrs. McDonald in the October HELPER, "Is Storer Worth While?" answered this question in an absolutely conclusive way:

"Can any one doubt that this school of the Free Baptists, supported by such loyalty as I have indicated, is not only worth maintaining but worth helping to larger usefulness? * * * See the happy faced boys and girls learning in well-equipped school rooms and laboratory, library and music rooms, the same things happy boys and girls are learning the world over, under the same discipline, under the same high standard of conduct, that you would demand for your own. Surely the beauty of investing in the lives of our boys and girls at Storer must appeal to each reader. Can any work be more eminently worth while?"

In this work it is our privilege to share.

The growing apparentness of the entering into W. M. S. work by our *young women*, and the inter-relating of our work to all departments of church and Christian service, cause great satisfaction. The actuality is part of to-day's tendency. The more largely it is true, the greater the work's promise.

Young people seem naturally to be definite in their giving, to desire an I-alone-am-responsible-for-it task, and thus in our assigned work,—children's, educational and evangelistic,—our young people have a large share. The largest group of such sharers, or supporters, is found in the Sunday School, for the organized class gives a most satisfactory opportunity for special and definite service. Then there are the C. E. and Mission Band groups, and those of the World Wide Guild, the latter being one of our new "union" forms of grouping.

Fortunately the W. M. Society which begins with the Cradle Roll and carries Christian activity on through various agencies of expression, serving all ages in passing, until it finally gathers into its workshop the material which will be so splendidly ready to fit into place, and thus help form the completed whole of society and church service.

A reciprocal joy we see in "*our girls*" at home working for, and helping "*our girls*" in India! And if "*our girls*" at home realize what wonderful influences they are shaping by their efforts,—influences which shall surely share largely in India's redemption,—their joy is very great, for trained, consecrated home-workers are the across-the-water work's largest asset.

Dear Miss Butts! Unselfish, untiring, capable and self-giving in all ways! and always!

To whom is the call to take her place, whose the privilege?

Don't forget to plan for Annual Meeting, Aug. 2.

Cordially in service,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

FLY THE FLAG!

There was once a young woman who fretted about everything. It is true that she was sick, unsuccessful and poor. People were always failing her, troubles were always multiplying. Her friends used to say it took courage to go to see her, they were so sure of being met by a complaint. This went on, says the narrator of her story in "Harper's Bazar," until she was thirty.

Then one day she read the story of a great naval disaster, when the officers, knowing that their ship must go down before the enemy, set the band to playing, the flags to flying, and, dressed in uniform, with their white gloves on, waited to go down with their ship. As she read the story she suddenly grew ashamed of herself. How had *she* met disaster? Never with anything but tears and complaints.

"I won't be as I have been any more," she said to herself. "When troubles come to me, though I perish as the officers did, I will meet them as they did—with flags flying, the band playing, and my white gloves on."

Ever so many troubles did come to her, but every time she met a new one she told herself: "The flags must fly today, the band play, and you must have your white gloves on! Sometimes, when a disappointment in work seemed especially keen, she would even actually dress herself up in her best clothes and with smiling face go out to see a sick friend or to perform some act of cheerful kindness.

And now, after ten years, if you were to meet her, you would say she was sailing only smooth and pleasant seas. Good things come to her, she does not know why. She is a gentle, considerate, genial woman, whom every one loves. People call her fortunate, and only the other day some fretful woman said to her: "Oh, it's well enough for you to talk, you who have never known trouble in your life."

"A trouble in my life!" the cheerful woman said to herself, and stopped to think. "A trouble! Perhaps not; but now, at any rate, those which I thought I had seem no longer to have belonged to me, but to some other person who lived centuries ago!"—*Youth's Companion*.

OUT IN "MOFUSSIL"

Dear Friends at Home:—

I have had the opportunity of spending seven weeks out in mofussil—the country villages—so I count myself especially fortunate and happy.

We left Midnapore on a Friday morning with three bullock carts, two Bible women and two preachers—two more preachers have joined us since—for a place thirty-six miles from Midnapore. The first day we made fourteen miles by traveling all day except the time they stopped to cook, for these people don't think they have a meal unless they cook rice and curry fresh. We camped for the night like gypsies, and started on the next day. As it took some time to cross a river where there was no bridge, we only went twelve miles before sunset. As the next day was Sunday we rested and came the remaining ten miles on Monday. You surely wouldn't call that swift traveling! Mrs. Holder and I didn't have quite patience enough to go so slow, so we rode our bicycles and then sat down under trees to wait for the carts to catch up. While we waited we talked to the crowd of people who gathered, for there is scarcely a spot where one can't draw a crowd in this country, as the villages average three-quarters of a mile apart in every direction.

At Parihati we went to the market on Tuesday to sell gospels, song books and other religious books. A market like this is the great event of the week for all the country round. In every village of any size they have a market once or twice a week and there those who have anything to sell and those who want to buy, as well as those who merely want to see the crowd, congregate on the given day. Everything from bullocks, goats and chickens to cloth and ready-made coats is sold, not to mention "hordia," the strong drink of the Santals, which is really soured rice water. At such a market the preachers take a stand and preach by turn for hours. We women went out to sell books and in that way had an opportunity to talk with many.

During the next few days, we went to many homes in that village. We always find that the poor and ignorant are most glad to hear, while the rich and those of high caste are very indifferent. Sometimes we have difficulty in getting a chance to talk to the women, for they will not come out where the men are and the men persist in staying to listen or, more often, to argue.

If any of you have read or heard any of the modern arguments that

Hinduism is a great and beautiful religion, I wish I could show you what real Hinduism is like. The ugly, vulgar images they worship, the uglier, more vulgar lives of the gods that these images are meant to portray, and the impure, sinful lives of the ten whom they call the incarnations of God can never make the lives of the worshipers pure and true and noble. After all their other arguments are exhausted and we have told the story of Christ to the end, they conclude all by saying, "Oh, yes, you worship Christ, we worship Krishna—they are one and the same." All the while they say that, they know and admit that Krishna stole, lied, killed numerous people and committed acts so unclean that he would have been sent to jail for them, if he had lived at the present time.

I'll close, telling you that I think of you all often and that I need your prayers very, very much.

Sincerely yours,

RUTH DANIELS.

Midnapore, India.

INDIA NOTES

Miss Coombs wrote, under date of March 7: "I must send just these few lines to tell you of the heavy blow that has fallen on us in the passing of Miss Butts! She was to have gone home on furlough next month, but she has gone a little earlier on her long furlough. She was urged to sail for home with Miss Gowen, but the very thought seemed to distress her—so many things to do, so much to arrange for; it would be impossible before April! And now Santipore is empty and others must arrange for the work. A telegram summoned Dr. Mary to Santipore. She found Miss Butts in great distress and decided to hurry her off to Calcutta General Hospital where the Doctor concluded an operation was imperative. Dr. Mary was with her hours at a time, day and night, but she was only half conscious of any ministrations, though she lingered five days after the operation."Miss Daniels wrote, in February: "The missionaries who are now in Midnapore are quite different from a year ago, for early this month, Dr. and Mrs. Kennan and Mrs. Burkholder left for America. All of us, the native people and missionaries, too, hated to see them go. It was especially sad for Mrs. Burkholder who never expected to return again, and though I've been here only two years, I already love Midnapore and the people so much that I dread the day when I'll say 'good-bye' for

the last time. Dr. and Mrs. Murphy have moved here in Dr. Kennan's place and with them is Mr. Long, a new missionary who came in December. Mrs. Holder, Doris and I, are alone in our house."Rev. H. I. Frost wrote, in a station letter, "The work at Kusudhia is remarkable. The converts are mostly from the respectable farmer caste. Three Hindus and two Santals were baptized while I was there. There was another from Hinduism later and others have been mightily stirred and we believe will eventually submit to the promptings of the Spirit. And, my friends, I want you to know that only the spirit of God can lead men to make such a break with their past as those who come from Hinduism must make. *You* cannot imagine what it means, and *we* can but faintly realize. Now the Christians at Kusudhia want a more substantial church than the one which was provided by the generous gift of Mrs. Wingate, our gifted hymn writer. Stone is plenty and permission to use it has been obtained. They are ready to give generously, both money and work. They are not perfect. No, they are very human, but the zeal of the Lord is manifest among them."

CONTAI.

Geographically, Contai is situated in the southeast corner of Midnapore District, five miles from the Bay of Bengal, thirty-six miles from the railroad, and sixty-three miles from Kharagpur, where our nearest white neighbors live. Our modes of conveyance are camel and ox carts. The former make the trip in one night—twelve hours,—and the latter in twenty-four hours. Part of my husband's work lies seven miles over beyond the railroad at Manikura, one of our most promising outstations. We have two preachers and a Christian school teacher there. Besides the preachers and their families, there are a dozen Christians. At this time of year it's very hard to get to this place. As the camel carts do not run regularly, and as the rice fields are all closed, there is no other way but to wade the seven miles through mud and water.

It is rather difficult to get out about Contai, too, for it is very sandy, and even a bicycle is only of use on the main roads. We have about twenty village schools where the Scriptures are taught. These are made centers for preaching, and our two preachers and the missionary spend most of their mornings at this work.

This is a very large district and one of the most densely populated in

Bengal. The people live mostly in villages, but Contai itself is a large town—the headquarters for the subdivision. There is a court here, and a large number of the babus (native gentlemen) are lawyers. There is a large government high school. Some of the boys used to come quite frequently to discuss Christianity, and incidentally to hear a little English, so we began Bible classes for them every Thursday and Sunday evening, so they could hear a lecture in English and at the same time get some Christian teaching.

Our work is principally evangelistic. We do not have any mission schools, orphanages, etc., although we do have a small medical dispensary where the Word is preached faithfully along with the distribution of medicines. We have had 710 patients since January first. Our Christian community is small. There is only one native Christian woman except my baby's nurse. I frequently take her to visit in the homes. The women are very eager to hear us sing and they usually listen well to our Christian teaching. You know the joint family system is quite an institution out here, so in one house we get a large audience of women and children. We went, not long ago, to the home of four brothers who sell liquor and opium in the bazaar. There must have been twenty women there and fully that many children, and we had a very interesting time.

It warms our hearts to hear of showers of blessings in other places, and meantime we work and pray for the same for our field. Help us, by your prayers, to this end.

GRACE L. HOWARD.

A WORD TO OUR WORKERS

DEAR HOME WORKERS:

Some questions are being asked which it is difficult to answer immediately, for the reason that the larger organization with which we have united is itself in the midst of changes. When these are completed our machinery will get to running smoothly again. Meantime let us keep the vital points in mind: We are still working for the Bengal-Orissa Field; our missionaries, schools, teachers, Bible women, and brown babies; for Storer College; for our MISSIONARY HELPER. We must *do our very best for them*, as usual. Active auxiliaries, connected with F. B. churches, do not need to change their name or their methods. But in sending money to the new treasurers, state very definitely for what field and purpose it is intended. Keep on asking questions of our President, Treasurer, Mrs. Bachelder, or the HELPER.

Faithfully yours, The EDITOR.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"In all effort for missions, education is the essential foundation upon which is built Christian character that expresses itself in prayer, gifts and service."

Topics for 1916-17

September—	Fellowship Meeting.
October—	War and the Kingdom.
November—	Home Missions.
December—	Christian Conquest of Europe: East.
January—	Christian Conquest of Europe: West
February—	Prayer and Praise.
March—	The Protestant Epoch of Christian Conquest.
April—	Heroism in Christian Conquest.
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Peace and the Kingdom.
July—	Field Day.

JULY—FIELD DAY

Nothing's small;
No lily-muffled hum of summer bee,
But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere;
No Chaffinch, but implies the cherubim.

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes—
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

—E. B. Browning.

Field Day is for rest and recreation. It carries its own joy with it; but a short program, given with animation, may help.

Prepare a Roll Call list of precious stones of the Bible. Write on slips of paper the corresponding Bible verses to be distributed. Instead of calling the names of members, call the names of the stones, and the ones who have the corresponding verses will answer. Follow this exercise with the song, "When He Cometh to Make up His Jewels," and prayer by the pastor.

Why not ask the girls to present a little play or pageant? "Tired of Missions" is particularly good. It can be obtained of Mrs. Chapman, also a leaflet explaining how to make oriental costumes. See her announcement in April HELPER. Or a selection of the brightest and best questions and answers, from the HELPER Quizzes, given with vivacity by a teacher and class of girls.

Do not fail to have some one present the new text-book, "An African Trail," giving a brief review of it; calling attention, also, to the Junior book, "African Adventures."

Close with a group of patriotic songs in which all can join.

Practical Christian Living

All centuries, all races, both sexes, all ages find in the Master their virtues consummated. The white light in him gathers up all the split and partial colors of our little spectrums. As we consider the significance of this, His word possesses a fresh and persuasive meaning when He says, "Ye call me Teacher and Lord, and ye do well, for so am I."—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

"I've built my soul an upper room,
A place of prayer;
Where from all disturbances,
From doubt and care,
Serene it rests. And thou dear Christ
Art always there.

God grant that when I leave this room
For tasks below
The peace that I have found may from
My spirit flow,
Till those I meet, build 'upper rooms'
And thither go."

—*Sunday School Times.*

"THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE"

* * * The Master comes and calls for you. He wants you to be His true representative in the home, in the church, in the school, on the street, at the counter. Whatever your public or your private position may be, you stand as Jesus Christ's faithful or unfaithful representative. The salvation of all who come under your direct or indirect influence depends much upon you. He calls for you through someone, that you may be a helper and a burden-bearer for others. These divine calls come sometimes when and where we least expect them. * * * When He calls, let us be ready and willing, as was Martha ready to run to do His bidding. * * *

And now the Master comes and calls for your talents, your time and your consecrated services. Are you willing to obey His every call? You with the talent of leadership? You with the talent of money? You with the gifts of song and prayer? You whose lives have been cast in pleasant places; whose homes are amidst the best of Christian surroundings? You who are inclined sometimes to be at ease in Zion? You who have sons and daughters who have talents for the ministry or the mission fields?

The Master calls for you to arise and shine for Him in Christian acts of service and give to God the glory through all the coming years. You will not disappoint Him. * * *

—*Selections from Missionary Tidings.*

Juniors



RALLY DAY WELCOME

(Recitation for a Junior)

We're glad to see the babies here,
This happy Rally Day;
They seem to fit in very well
With birds and flowers gay.

And then we're pleased to see they've
come
With bright and eager faces,
For, don't you know, we'll soon grow up
And they must take our places.

—Selected.

"RINGS ON HER FINGERS, BELLS ON HER TOES"

By MARIE DEACON HANSON

The train was late and I was sitting in front of the waiting room at Sitapur, India, watching the people on the platform.

A little boy with a carnation colored shirt and green silk trousers embroidered in silver was strutting up and down, hoping some one would look at his pretty new suit.

An old Hindu priest who wore no shirt or shoes or stockings, and had smeared ashes all over his body and painted red streaks on his face and arms went about begging.

Two young school boys, dressed in stiffly starched white muslin clothes were talking in English about their coming examinations.

Over in a corner was a group of Mohammedan women with big things like muslin sacks pulled over their heads and reaching down to the ground. Two tiny holes covered with net, let them peep out at what was going on.

Presently a train pulled in and a little Hindu girl about ten years old who had been sitting on a box on the platform got up, took a few steps and then looked up into the face of an old man with grey hair who was with her and said something. He stooped and picked her up and carried her into the train.

I walked past the window a little later as he was looking out and asked, "Is your little girl ill?"

He seemed puzzled for a moment and then pointing to the child said, "She? Oh, she is my wife! No, she is not sick but her jewels were so heavy that she could not walk. We have just been married. They are her dower. Show the lady your arms."

The girl proudly held out her hands. On every finger were from one to three heavy rings. Massive gold and silver bracelets covered her arms.

Then she held up her bare feet. Rings on every toe were connected by chains which lay across the top of her foot.

On her ankles were great heavy circles of twisted gold. From some of them hung rows of tinkling silver bells.

"Show her all," said the old man.

The girl shyly pushed back the pink silk veil that hid her face. A heavy band of silver, from which twenty or more jewels were suspended, was tied across her forehead.

A ring set with jewels reaching down to her mouth was fastened in one side of her nose and a large red stone on a little hook was fastened in the other side.

Long, heavy earrings that reached to her shoulders were in each ear.

Chain after chain of gold and silver and precious stones hung about her neck and waist.

"Are they not beautiful?" asked the old man a little crossly, because I had said nothing.

"Yes, indeed. Thank you for showing me," I said, and the train began to move. The child bride smiled a sad little smile. The old man made a profound bow and I went back to my bench with my eyes full of tears.

Poor little girl wife! No more playing with dolls or making mud cakes for her!

No more dancing in the sunshine or romping with other children. She is married now, to a man old enough to be her grandfather. She must live in his home and find her only happiness in being obedient and devoted to him. She must never be seen without her face covered. She must never go outside the walls of her home. If the old man has other wives—and he probably has—she will be their slave as well as his.

Are you not glad, happy American girl, that you were born in a Christian country?—*Junior Missionary Friend.*

WOMANHOOD AMONG MOHAMMEDANS

One of the lecturers of the Salle des Capucines, in Paris, lately gave the following thrilling anecdote:

The ladies of Tlemcen (Algeria), seeing our admiration of the Moorish children, surprised us by the visit of a splendidly dressed and lovely little girl of seven or eight.

"Thy child is lovely as a rose," I said to her father. "Does she read and write?"

"No," said he; "my daughter is *a girl*."

"And because she is a girl, thou teachest her nothing?"

"Nothing. For a woman is happy only when she knows nothing."

"But she cannot read the Koran, which speaks of Allah, who made her so beautiful!"

"So much the better. My daughter has nothing to do with the mysteries of the Koran."

"But I believe, with the great Prophet, Christ, that she has a soul even as thou and I."

"Sidi!" cried he, desperate, "my daughter is *not a boy*."—*Evangelical Christendom*.

Contributions

"Money speaks all languages, there is no limit to the geographical range of its influence."

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for April, 1917

F. B. W. M. S. contributors should carefully designate how their money should be used, whether for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, or the Contingent Fund, remembering that the latter will be used by the Society where it is most needed.

MAINE		Hampton Miss'y Aux. Storer \$10; Gen'l	
Alfred, Miss Nellie B Jordan, "where		Work 7.00	17 00
most needed" at Storer	\$25 00	Do, do, Pearl Seekers, Miss Barnes	8 00
E Hebron C R for Sinclair Orphanage	2 39	Rochester Aux for Miss Butts' sal'y	5 00
Hanover, Mrs D T Small for "Helper"	3 00	Do C R	11 96
Newport, Mrs Elizabeth Kinney for S O	4 00	Strafford Corners Aux for sal'y Miss	
So Montville F B Juniors for Miss E E		Butts	10 00
Barnes' work	48	New Hampshire Total	\$55 62
W Falmouth Aux	5 00		
Maine Total	\$39 87		
NEW HAMPSHIRE		VERMONT	
East Rochester Aux for sal'y Miss Butts	3 66	Shady Rill F B Ch for Storer College	1 38
		Vermont Total	\$ 1 38

MASSACHUSETTS

Brockton, Wales Ave F B Aux, annual dues	18 00
Do, do. support Jomina	15 00
Somerville, Randall Mem'l S S for Miss Barnes	4 00
Massachusetts Total	\$37 00

RHODE ISLAND

Auburn, People's Ch, K W \$15; Ind 10.00	25 00
Arlington Aux, K W 5.00; Ind 5.00	10 00
Blackstone Aux, K W 7.50; Ind 1.00	8 50
Carolina Aux, K W 2.50; Ind 2.50	5 00
Georgiaville Aux, K W	4 50
Greenville Aux, K W 5.00; Ind 5.00	10 00
Do All Around Light Bearers, 1 share Miss Barnes' salary	4 00
Providence, Trinity Bapt. S S Class of Miss E A Potter for sup Promodini, B O	5 00
Warwick Central Aux, K W 8.50; Storer 10.00	18 50
Rhode Island Total	\$90 50

NEW YORK

Niobe, Mrs Nettie Fowler for F M	4 00
Port Dickinson Bapt Pri Dpt for Swagini Das, S O	5 00
New York Total	\$ 9 00

PENNSYLVANIA

Gaines, Mrs O A Smith, T O	1 00
Penna Total	\$ 1 00

OHIO

Beebeetown 1st S S for S O	18 00
Ohio Total	\$18 00

WEST VIRGINIA

Harper's Ferry, Mrs N C Brackett, T O for L M Mrs Celeste Brackett Newcomer	20 00
West Va Total	\$20 00

MICHIGAN

Cook's Prairie Aux for Dr Mary Bachelor and on L M Mrs J A Smith, Homer, Mich	1 50
Do Jack & Janet Society for Brown Babies	1 61
Evergreen Ch for Dr Bachelor	15 25
Jackson for Miss Daniels	8 40

Litchfield Aux, H M. F M & Storer 1.00 each	3 00
(L M Mrs Minnie Bartell, Litchfield, Mich)	
Michigan Total	\$29 76

MINNESOTA

Anoka, Dr Mary E Butler, Bengal-Orissa 10.00; Storer 4.00	14 00
Madalia Aux, 3/4 Appor	47 79
Minnesota Total	\$61 79

IOWA

Edgewood, Mrs Thera B True, T O	1 00
Strawberry Point. Lon R Buckley, T O	1 00
Waterloo, Miss Mabel M True, T O	5 10
Iowa Total	\$ 7 00

SOUTH DAKOTA

Valley Springs S S, 1 share Miss Barnes' sal'y	4 00
So Dakota Total	\$ 4 00

TEXAS

Bryan Ch. sal'y Mrs Holder	3 00
Do, J L Edge & Wife for Baby Doris	15 00
M S Edge & Family, do, do	15 00
Collections. Mrs Stout's Trip to Texas: Bryan 5.40; Campbell Hill 1.25; Center Point 1.82; Clayton 1.75; Dirgin 1.5; Dunn's Chapel 1.75; Easley Chapel 8.26; Edge 2.50; Elijah 75c; Good Hope 1.15; Independence 1.00; Keith 6.25; Long Branch 3.45; Maple 3.00; Mt Union 3.10; New Hope .00; No Prairie 4.45; Plainview 5.00; Stewart Chapel 20c; Tatum 2.97; Woodlawn 4.50	60 65
Texas Total	\$93 65

CALIFORNIA

Escondido, Mr and Mrs Henry Hyde for Barbados	5 00
Lakeside, Mrs C K Bishop for Brown Babies S O	25 00
Whittier, Mrs Nellie J Warner & Mrs Myrt Sweasey for "Phoebe" in S O	25 00
California Total	\$55 00

Total Receipts for April, 1917 . . . \$523 57

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Per May Malvern, Assistant Treasurer

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

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